

A ROSE OF NORMANDY

WILLIAM R. A. WILSON
CHAPTER X.

WHEREIN A SEA IS CROSSED, A SECRET IS DISCOVERED, AND TONTI RECEIVES A BLOW.

The lights were soon gone, but still the silent figure of La Salle remained on the poop. Pompon, seizing a rope, soon raised his head above the level of the rail. So wrapped in thought was La Salle that he took no notice of him until he had reached the deck. Then startled at the sudden noiseless appearance of a human form so near him, he stepped back a pace, and, drawing his sword, demanded who it was.

"Save your sword-thrusts for your enemies; use them not on a friend," replied the figure.

"What! Pompon's voice!" exclaimed La Salle, as he seized his hand in great delight. "Pompon's face!" he added, as he peered anxiously through the darkness. "Mon Dieu! I was thinking of you and Tonty but a moment ago. Where is he, for surely you are together?"

"He is taking a last view of the shore-lights from his private balcony. Perhaps he has finished," he said, the reply; and leaning over the rail, Pompon gave a low whistle. In a moment Tonty had clambered up, and soon all three were engaged in an eager conversation.

"I had given you up for lost," said La Salle. "All Paris was whispering of your duel with the Comte de Miron and his death. But all was mystery. He had disappeared, his body no doubt secreted by his coachman; you, too, had disappeared, having fled to England. It was said; while Pompon, whom I searched for diligently, was nowhere to be found. The king was inclined to be vexed over your disobeying his order concerning duelling, but I think he was secretly pleased at getting rid of the Comte de Miron, whom he disliked. Only the influence of Colbert kept him about the court."

"Thus did the partners in the firm of M. Tonty and Company hold their first meeting outside France, and the night was far spent before they finished recounting their adventures and laying plans for the future. No light was thrown upon the identity of their mysterious protector, and the matter was finally dismissed as a riddle to be solved at some later day.

There was plenty of time for the full discussion of their plans, for the "Saint Honoré," although a stanch little craft of 150 tons, was driven from her course by contrary winds, and drifted through many lazy days for lack of any. The passengers consisted of a party of soldiers sent to swell the available fighting force to be used against the Indians; a flock of 30 girls traveling under the care of Madame Bourdon, all seeking homes and husbands in the new strange lands across the sea; ship-carpenters and workers in iron, for the need of building small ships to trade with the Indians and explore the coasts had been emphasized.

La Salle, after a few moments' silence, said: "Mon Dieu! you are a man of accomplishments; mon ami; a soldier and a musician. It needs only that you become a poet and the three great arts will be found combined in one man." Tonty smiled. "We once toasted your Lily of Poltoun," he said. "Listen now, while I tell you of my Rose of Normandy. Perhaps if you will but forget the singer, you may be pleased like I am with the subject of my song." So saying, he played a few chords and began to sing to an old Italian air:

Whist poets celebrate in rhyme
Some comely maid of high degree,
The praises rare I'd gladly sing
Of Rose, my Rose, of Normandy.

The sunbeams nestle in her hair,
Her lips are wondrous red to see,
A rosy gleam beams from her eye,
The eye of Rose of Normandy.

Sweet thoughts and pure possess her mind,
From earthly dross and blemish free;
An earnest purpose fills the soul
Of Rose, my Rose, of Normandy.

Within the empire of her heart
I feel would reign the king to be;
But other hands I fear will pluck
This Rose, my Rose, of Normandy.

"Bravo! Monsieur Poet," applauded La Salle. "Would that I had your gift of rhyming. I fear my sober monastic training destroyed any latent talent I might have had. If I could I would sing to you in return the charms of my fair one."

A silence ensued, broken only by the creaking of the ship's timbers, the shrilling of the wind through the rigging, and the sound of rushing waters as the vessel careened on her course. A falling star shot its tiny spark across the heavens; the muffled sound of human voices came up from the interior of the "Saint Honoré"; the ship's bell announced the arrival of midnight.

At length Tonty aroused himself from his reverie and spoke to his friend, who in turn was unconscious of his surroundings, so great was the power of thought over his physical environment. "Do you recollect our first meeting, mon capitaine, how you promised to tell me the name of your lady when we had once left the land behind us? Perhaps although your rhymes be faulty, one could learn something of her from your prose."

"True, mon ami, but words, even though they be not those of poetry, would utterly fail to describe the person of her who has entered my life but recently, but whose angelic presence I trust shall remain with me forever. But I shall spare you all rhapsodies. She whom I call my Lily of Poltoun is a daughter of a noble of that province; her name, Renee d'Outrelaise. She lives with mademoiselle as a companion and friend. So far she has not been seen at court, but keeps close to her protectress, and is visible only to those honored few to whom mademoiselle chooses to show her; for all of which I am thankful. The princess as a patroness of the arts and literature has been pleased to interest herself in my explorations and has invited me on a number of occasions to rehearse to her my adventures in New France and relate all that would interest her about the land and its inhabitants. Mlle. d'Outrelaise has been present at most of our interviews, and it was while thus engaged that I realized that a new strange feeling had arisen within my heart, a feeling that men lightly call love, but which I recognize as an inspiring, ennobling influence that means much more to me."

La Salle, not noticing his companion's silence, continued: "Mademoiselle has known by reputation some of my relatives and connections and thinks highly of me as well as my projects, and I know approve my suit. Renee has never shown aught in her demeanor that betokened a return of my affection, nor have I ever spoken words of love to her, partly from my lack of courage and partly from the fact that I have seen her alone but once. I feel safe in her retired life, believing mademoiselle to be my ally; besides, she is young yet. If I but accomplish what I hope to do, I can return in two or three years with honor, power, and wealth and claim her for my own. She will be guided largely in her choice of a husband by the princess' counsel and wishes. I saw her the day I left Paris, and our parting interview augured well for my hopes."

"How so?" asked Tonty in a hard strained voice.

The surface of the water or the myriad reflection of the stars that guided the ship's course through the long lone watches. The gray twilight and the first half of the night were often spent in conversation by the three explorers on the poop just outside of hearing of the helmsman. Then it was that La Salle told of his early life: of the days spent among his Jesuit teachers; of the first voyage to the new land; of his early efforts to penetrate the wilderness; of the life and history of the colony; of the rivalry between himself and the Jesuit missionaries and their followers for the fur-trade with the Indians and the efforts they made use of to thwart his plans. At times the genial side of his nature showed itself in the recital of amusing incidents of the court, at Quebec, in the camp.

Thus passed the days until full two months had gone and the summer winds had changed to September gales. Already the floating sea-weed and screaming birds told them that land was near. One night the three sat listening to the sound of wind and wave. Tonty was silent, while his companions talked. The master of the ship had been commissioned to bring over a lute for the Comte de Frontenac. It was this lute that Tonty had borrowed, and, heedless now and then of the flagging conversation, he idly plucked out some old forgotten strains upon the strings, his thoughts far distant.

At length Pompon left them. La Salle, after a few moments' silence, said: "Mon Dieu! you are a man of accomplishments; mon ami; a soldier and a musician. It needs only that you become a poet and the three great arts will be found combined in one man." Tonty smiled. "We once toasted your Lily of Poltoun," he said. "Listen now, while I tell you of my Rose of Normandy. Perhaps if you will but forget the singer, you may be pleased like I am with the subject of my song." So saying, he played a few chords and began to sing to an old Italian air:

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The approach of Pompon cut short any further speech from La Salle and permitted Tonty to withdraw to another portion of the ship, a prey to the deepest emotion. As he stood by the rail and looked across the tumbling, surging mass of waters which a rising storm had quickened, he felt in full sympathy with its tempestuous nature. And when the rain fell and the wind became a gale and the vessel bobbed about on the water, he still retained his post, oblivious of the outer tempest, engulfed as was his spirit amid the waves of jealous alarm, unhappiness, and despair.

Here was a blight upon his new-formed hopes; the man whom he had promised to serve as companion and friend, the one to whom he warmed as never to mortal man, was now an unconscious rival. In the first onrush of the tempest that stirred his passionate nature he hated him, and cursed the day they first met. Were not the glory and honor and riches that were just ahead on the explorer's path sufficient but that he must take his love, she whom he realized was all in all to him, too? And the melody of the song he had sung with its closing words, words written in a moment of joy and hope, that were in reality full of pathetic foreboding, passed through his mind again:

But other hands I fear will pluck
This Rose, my Rose, of Normandy.

But when the tide of feeling had reached its full, then came the calm before the ebb. The soldier's sense of justice showed him clearly that his friend was innocent of any desire to work him harm. That he really was the interloper, for La Salle had known her for weeks and months, while his acquaintance was but that of a day. And the strong feeling of remaining staunchly loyal to his commander, even though it meant to take sides against himself, came to his rescue. Then, too, the careful recollection of the short glimpses he had of the fair lady showed him but too plainly that he had small grounds of hope on which to build.

On into the early morning watched he struggled with himself. The love of a man for a woman battled strong with a man's love for honor and that which he deemed the right. And lo! a paradox appeared, for in the strife although honor won, yet in no wise was his love for the woman conquered or belittled by the strife, but rather was it enlarged, illumined, and made stronger still, for he could at once give full allegiance to his love and yet resolve that come what might he would in no wise be false to his friend; that he could glorify and worship the one and keep this secret hid from the other; could aid his companion with all his strength and leave the future to be won by him, who controls every man's destiny. The battle once won, he could look forward with the hope that by being true to both now, his reward would somehow be forthcoming when the work was done. And as the first morning rays touched the ship's deck they fell upon the figure of a man, not worn out and fatigued by a night's struggle and exposure, but firm and erect, gazing toward the new land but one day's journey distant, with the light of faith and hope and love in his countenance; and the greatest of these was love.

That night three goblets were filled to the brim and emptied and filled again. Three many-breasted responded to the thrill of a common lot, a common joy, a common purpose. Three hands clasped fealty with hands that gripped them fast. They pledged the king, the ship, New France, the expedition, and last of all, themselves. "To three gallant comrades," cried La Salle when the last bumper was raised, "who will to each other be true."

"And faithful," added Tonty, in a voice vibrating with deep feeling. "Even unto death," said Pompon gravely.

Thus ran the toast; so drank they all.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEREIN ARE MET A NEW WORLD, AN ALLY IN HIGH PLACES, AND A TEMPEST IN A TEACUP.

A dull, dark day; an unfriendly wind, necessitating frequent tacking of the ship; the lowering of clouds that now and then swept down upon them, enveloping everything in mist; the cry of water-fowl unseen; the sharp scared glance of gulls that suddenly appeared from out the fog, only to veer abruptly away and be swallowed up again; and then the uplift of a dim line of coast with shadowy suggestion of vast mountain ranges on the horizon's rim;—this was their welcome to New France. As yet no indication appeared to show them they had left the ocean and were ascending the mighty stream that drained a continent. But finally, when on the near approach to the northern shore a glimpse was caught of the trading station at Tadoussac, the weary passengers first realized that their journey was at an end. All crowded to the rail and strained their eyes to feast them on the land of their dreams, the harbor of their hopes. The three comrades stood beside the captain as they watched the sun's first rays light up the beetling rocks of Mal bay. All day the glad sunlight and the clear breeze dried the ship's sails and warmed the hearts of all on board as a panorama of hitherto unknown beauty, painted by the hand of nature, was slowly unrolled before their wondering eyes.

At length, after passing through the northern channel between the island of Orleans, edged with houses and clearings, and the mainland shores of Beauséjour and Beauport, the good ship glided into the quiet bay, while the towering heights of Quebec, pulsant stronghold of a new country, the comely mistress of all this fair land, the goal of the entire company, smiled grimly down upon them. The promontory, crowned with fort, churches, seminary, and convent, looked indeed the mighty, silent bulwark that it was. Soon was the silence broken, for as the vessel let go her anchor and fired her salute, a puff of smoke came from the fort and the long, deep boom of cannon sounded clear in the early autumn air, while from the flagstaff on the Chateau St. Louis a white banner, spangled with fleurs-de-lis, waved official welcome to the king's ship.

[To Be Continued.]

CROCHET PETTICOAT.

We Give Below Full Directions for Making This Practical and Pretty Gift for a Child.

About three ounces of wool, and a long wooden hook about the size of a No. 8 knitting needle, and a short hook of about the same size, and one yard of narrow ribbon.

Work 60 chain.

First six rows plain, tricot.

Seventh row: Work off the first ten stitches like double crochet, then work the rest of the row as usual.

Eighth to thirty-sixth rows: Same length as seventh.

Thirty-seventh row: Before commencing the next row make nine chain; this will bring the stitches to the original number (60).

Work six rows of this length.

Work off 20 stitches like double crochet, and the rest of the row as usual.

Another row same length as last. Nineteen chain and repeat from the first row, ending with the short row.

Work off all the stitches, place the two sides of the work together, and join with single crochet, leaving the opening for armhole to match the other

one. Join the two shoulder pieces in the same way (on the wrong side).

A double crochet under both threads of one of the stitches at the lower edge of the petticoat, pass two, five trebles with a chain between each under the next, pass two, a double crochet under the next, and repeat from *.

Second row: * five trebles with a chain between each under both threads of the double crochet; in the previous row, a double crochet on the middle stitch of the group of trebles, and repeat from * all round.

Five more rows like the last.

Eight row: Three chain into every other stitch all a round.

Ninth row: Three chain into the middle of each chain loop.

Tenth row: * five chain back into the first (picot), a double crochet in the middle stitch of the nearest loop in the previous row. Repeat from * all round.

Two trebles, with one chain between under one stitch (both threads), * pass one, two trebles with a chain between under the next, and repeat from * all round, and on this row work a row of picots like those on the lower edge.

Round the armholes work a row of three chain loops, and then a row of picots like the top.

Cut the ribbon in two and thread front and back, leaving the ends to tie on each shoulder.

"BEAUTY DON'TS."

Don't have outstanding ears when you can wear an ear narness at night. Don't have aches and pains when you can keep well. Remember that carelessness makes more invalids than hard work.

Don't overdress, but try to suit your dress to your style, and remember that dress makes or mars the woman.

Don't be sloppy in your style, and don't wear clothes that are shabby. Remember that a rundown heel spoils any foot and that a bad skirt brail is a social sin.

Don't wear a big hat if you are a little woman; don't try to dress out of proportion to your stature.

Don't imagine that you are prettier than you are.

Don't walk too rapidly, for it destroys grace.

Don't hurry and don't worry.

Don't, if you are a woman with a sad face, try to look still sad; chirp up; smile; make your mouth into a Cupid's bow; force yourself to look animated; try to be expressive with your eyes; a sad, wan face never won out in a beauty contest.

Don't, if you want to be an attractive woman, talk too much. Cultivate the habit of silence. It is the prettiest habit a woman ever had.

Don't gush, and don't try to be effusive. Learn the pretty, even tone which is liked in society and talk low. This doesn't mean to whisper. But it means to speak so that you can be understood.

A Tight Shoe.

The foot may be very pretty and stylishly shod, but its owner is in too much torture to handle her feet gracefully. The dainty foot, moving here, moving there, now lifted, now lowered, now tucked under its mate, now fretfully resting on top, but serves to call attention to the awkwardness of these painful movements, and causes the visitor to innocently wonder what the trouble is; thinking that possibly she has some fearful nervous trouble which affects the feet and legs in particular, or that the "shoe pinches." Most often this last conclusion is the correct one, yet the woman in question will never "own up," as the children say.

Swift of Wing.

The momentum of a swiftly flying bird is considerable. A partridge new against a window of the gymnasium of Williams college the other day, crashing through the glass and falling to the floor dead. The force of the blow may be judged from the fact that the glass was "triple-thick" and not more than 20x12 in size.

Good for the Gums.

Get your druggist to fill a half-ounce bottle with equal parts of tincture of myrrh and alcohol, and apply this to the gums three times a day on going to bed at night. This is claimed to heal the gums and tighten the teeth.

CHILD'S FIRST TEETH.

Of Utmost Importance That They Are Carefully Looked After—Dentist's Aid Is Often Required.

Letting baby suck and chew on a stale crust or a stale piece of corn pone will do a great deal to assist in bringing the teeth through; and the teeth that have arrived will also be benefited by this very simple means. In stale bread all of the gas which might create disturbance in the little stomach has evaporated, the starch granules have ripened and burst, and the bread itself is in the best condition to be digested and absorbed into the system.

Just a little lime water in the milk will often aid in establishing good teeth, and where the little princess' first teeth have not been especially good, either as to color, shape or arrangement, the matter can readily be corrected by careful attention, first to the cleanliness of the mouth and teeth, and next by diet.

Upon the care of the first teeth will depend the quality and the beauty of the second or permanent set. Only too often do even the wisest of mothers imagine that the first teeth do not require dentist's care, arguing that as they are but temporary it were money thrown away to see to their filling and the like.

If the first set be in any way irregular or faulty the defect must be corrected immediately, for "as the twig is bent, so is the tree inclined;" and as the first teeth are faulty or perfect so will the teeth that the little beauty carry with her through life be affected.

The habit of letting the baby suck its thumb or its fist is a fruitful source of irregularities of the gums and teeth. It is bad enough when only the thumb is constantly sucked; but when the whole of the little fist is thrust into the tiny mouth the gums are drawn out of shape and the teeth grow outward in a painfully projecting fashion.

The use of those so-called pacifiers, too, is another source of dental troubles, and this scribe would joyfully see their manufacture and sale prohibited by act of legislature. They are seldom or never properly cleaned, the rubber of which they are made is porous and absorbs all sorts of germs and bacteria, and their use is almost invariably attended by sore mouth, bad breath and digestive and intestinal troubles.

When the little girl has reached, say, two years old, she may be taught to use her little toothbrush herself under supervision, of course. Small brushes now come especially for the little folk, the edges of the bristles carefully serrated so that they penetrate into the interstices between the teeth and remove every particle of detritus that may lodge there.

Little miladi must be taught to use her small brush after each meal, before going to bed at night and the first thing on rising in the morning. She must learn to rinse the mouth thoroughly and often, and she must be taught to gargle, too, for the faucial tonsils are often traps for the catching and holding of unassimilated particles of food, and this gives rise to an unpleasant odor on the breath.

Round the armholes work a row of three chain loops, and then a row of picots like the top.

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A Simple Skin Bleach.

A good bleach for the skin is made by infusing two tablespoons of finely grated horseradish in one pint of scalding sweet milk, stirring frequently while cooling; strain and bottle. Dab a little of this on the face several times a day with a soft cloth, letting dry on the skin.

PLUNDERING THE FARMERS

Trusts and Protected Interests Appropriated \$700,000,000 More Than Just Share.

There were about 13,000,000 votes cast for candidates for congress at the last election and as there are in the United States more than 5,000,000 farmers and 4,500,000 agricultural laborers, besides stockraisers and herdsmen, dairymen and market gardeners, more than half of the voters must have been obtaining their living through agriculture. Yet this important class of voters, upon whose efforts and products the whole country depends, have not a single republican representative in congress. There are some few republican members who may call themselves farmers, but their votes show they legislate to farm the farmers instead of the soil.

The republicans are boasting of the large crops raised this year, impudently indicating they are backed by Providence in securing the bounties of nature. The worthy master of the National Grange, Aaron Jones, of Indiana, in his annual report last year told the members of that organization that the trusts and corporations plundered the farmers of over \$700,000,000 over and above the rightful dues for profits and transportation.

Has the Grange, or any other organization of farmers, done anything to relieve their members from that enormous drain on their resources? It would seem not. The trusts have multiplied and the railroads are extorting unreasonable rates and the republican representatives in congress have not passed a single law that has accomplished any relief from the plundering corporations.

The democrats in congress introduced bills to control trusts and to revise the tariff, which alone plunders the farmers of a large proportion of the enormous sum that the masters of the Grange stated, but the republicans who controlled the last congress refused to even consider the bills. Similar bills have already been introduced by Mr. Williams, the democratic leader in this congress, but they will not be considered.

The republican leaders have determined to stand pat and the balance of the republican members, like a flock of sheep following the bell-weather, vote against remedial legislation.

As the farmers are not protected by the tariff except a few sugar and beet growers and a very small number of tobacco raisers in Connecticut who produce "wrapper" tobacco, they are interested in reducing the protection the tariff gives the trusts, so that what the farmer buys will be reasonable in price and the greater part of the above mentioned \$700,000,000 saved to them.

Yet the farmers elect representatives term after term in some districts who, with railroad passies in their pockets and trust buddies behind them, misrepresent the great agricultural interests. How can these republican representatives vote for remedial legislation when they rely on the corporations for support and in return are bound to do the bidding of the corporation lobbyist.

The republican bosses smile and the trusts and protected interests laugh and grow fat at the way they fool the republican farmers. But the signs of the times point to an awakening and the late elections are an indication of what is to follow. Even the long-suffering farmers are beginning to see that good crops may not last forever and that it is time to provide for the lean years that are certain to come in the near future and that \$700,000,000 that Master Jones told about would be a nice nestegg in the pockets of the farmers instead of being annually added to the millions in the vaults of the corporations.

ROOSEVELT BEING TAMED.

Tainted Campaign Fund Has Disastrous Effect on Roosevelt's Reform Ideas.

The reported capture of President Roosevelt by the stand-patters has been verified by himself, for he recommends no revision of the tariff in his message to congress. Perhaps the president felt compelled to be silent because of the promises made by the officials of the republican committee to the life insurance magnates and others that if they would subscribe to the campaign fund the tariff would not be meddled with. That the money from the life insurance companies must have tainted the white house atmosphere and acted as a soporific on "the national trust buster" is probable or tariff reform would have been urged, for the tariff is the mother of trusts, according to a good republican authority.

There is also other evidence that this tainted campaign fund has had a disastrous effect on the president's reform ideas, for he makes but feeble reference to political corruption. But there, again, the president found his hands tied, for to denounce political corruption would be to accuse so many of the leaders of the republican party that it would add to its present demoralization.

The president, when free to express his real feelings, is as bold as a lion against corruption and grafting, but with the taming process that Speaker Cannon and the other stand-pat leaders have been putting him through he is as harmless as a sucking dove on the subjects that pinch their corns. It is to be hoped that the president has not really surrendered to the stand-patters and quailed before the exposure of the rottenness of his party, but the tainted atmosphere of the white house has certainly not been cleared by the recommendations in the message. The president would and the whole country behind him, except the special interests protected, if he would send in to congress a ringing message for tariff reform and recommend that a strenuous measure be passed to stem corruption. In this, as with other democratic reforms he may adopt, he would have the hearty cooperation of the democrats.

Who will guard and pay for protecting the gold standard now, when there is no McCurdy to hand \$50,000 checks to the republican national committee and produce "the dough" for Mr. Babcock and his republican congressional aggregation?

AGRICULTURAL HINTS

FIX UP THE ROADSIDES.

How Farmers in Minnesota Utilize the Otherwise Waste Land in Crop Growing.

The law of Minnesota calls for a public highway four rods wide and it has been the general practice to leave the full four rods uncultivated. In most cases this space has been overgrown with weeds only, that were not even cut down once a year. In this way many of the most obnoxious weeds have filled the adjoining fields and been spread over the adjoining country by sticking to the wagon wheels whenever the roads were wet. This has not been the only trouble—there were thousands of acres lying idle every year, because overgrown by weeds. But Lewis Olsen writes to the Farm and Home that a gradual change for the better is being worked out by the rapidly growing tendency among farmers to utilize all waste land along the roadsides by cultivation and growing grain or grass up to the very road track actually in daily use. As the law</